UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
Curtis W. Reese } ***Associate Editors***

Reflections After Election

By H. R. MUSSEY

The Ghoul

A One Act Play

By JAY G. SIGMUND

VOLUME CX NUMBER 12

Chicago, December 5, 1932

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

Published Weekly October to June — *Subscription $3.00*
Published Bi-Weekly July to September — *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 30, 1931, at the Post office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Month's Work for India in Geneva*

(From a Special Correspondent)

Three minds had Geneva as their base of operations as they thought all through August of their desire to bring the tragic situation of India into the limelight of international consciousness. Madame Horup of Denmark wanted to issue a journal concerning India in Geneva; Madame Guiyesse of Paris groped for ways of co-ordinating the activities of the increasing number of societies in the Occident known as "Friends of India" or "Friends of Gandhi"; Mrs. Margaret E. Cousins, Irishwoman long resident in India was determined that the case for Indian freedom should be publicly ventilated in Geneva during the session of the League of Nations Assembly. The last named took the plunge and issued a circular letter to friends of India asking their co-operation for the proposal to hold a Public Meeting in Geneva in the first week of the Assembly. The replies were so favorable that she called a preliminary meeting to talk over the project in the Maison Internationale, Geneva, on the 6th of September. So ripe was the moment for action in this cause that on the 6th of October there was held a whole "India Day in Geneva" which consisted of a Conference of two sittings attended by representatives of 26 Societies from 15 countries, by members of the Provisional International Committee which had been organized during the intervening month and by sympathetic visitors. After these sessions there were two informative public addresses by experts on specific subjects relating to India; and the day was terminated by a Public Meeting in the large Salle Centrale of the city presided over by Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence of London, with speakers from six countries, and important messages sent to it from M. Romain Rolland, from Senator H. La Fontaine, Vice-President of the Belgian Senate, from Sir Francis Younghusband, and from the poet of Bulgaria, M. J. Kovatcheff.

During that month the Executive Committee of supporters of India resident in Geneva worked well and hard. M. Edmond Privat was an ideal Chairman of Committee, Mrs. Cousins the indefatigable and experienced organizing Secretary, M. Jean Louis Claparède, the representative of the Youth of Geneva and the untiring officer for translation of French and English material and for local contacts, Mrs. K. Bose, niece of Sir J. C. Bose, the successful Treasurer. Other members represented Societies in Belgium, France, the United States, Denmark and England. From the first Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence had been an upholder by correspondence of the proposed activ-

*This article should be read in connection with Dr Sydney Strong's recent report of the Geneva Conference on India.

(*Continued on page* 191)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1932 Number 12

POETRY

God is the Great Poet.
The Universe is the Infinite Volume of God's Poems.
Science is God's Poetry reduced to Cold Prose.
Much Philosophy is the Corpse of God's Poetry under Dissecting-Knives.
Most Theology is God's Poetry Crucified and Nailed to a Tree.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

It seems like the retribution of the gods on J. Ramsay MacDonald that his whole policy as leader of the so-called National Government of Britain has been a failure. It will be remembered that a year ago he abandoned and wrecked his party and joined hands with his Tory enemies on the plea that the nation must be saved from the impending disaster of bankruptcy. In the background of his mind was the conviction that he alone, of all Englishmen, was capable of handling the crisis; and also the very real ambition to work out certain foreign problems, such as disarmament and peace, as well as India, and thus be remembered in history as a statesman of great accomplishment. We wonder now what he thinks as he looks at the wreckage of his administration. Within two weeks after he had destroyed British Labor, the nation went off the gold standard, though the Prime Minister had justified his whole conduct in the crisis as necessary to the preservation of the gold standard. Today, after a year of Nationalist control, the pound sterling stands at the lowest figure since the War. MacDonald was to increase British trade by consenting to the Tory demand for a tariff, and at the same time cut down unemployment. Today, in spite of the abandonment of free trade, British business is at its lowest ebb, and unemployment at its highest flood. The first anniversary of MacDonald's advent found "hunger marches" converging on London from all parts of the kingdom, demanding relief for the people from starvation. With these domestic calamities on his hands, the British Premier faces a record of total failure in the international field. The Ottawa Conference stripped him of his side-partner, Lord Snowden, and of most of his Liberal allies. India is unconquered, and moves steadily toward the revolutionary triumph of independence. The Disarmament Conference has to all intents and purposes collapsed. What a spectacle of ruin for this proud man who betrayed every allegiance of his life on the supposition that he alone could save England and the world! Once again pride goeth before a fall.

In the pages of a recent issue of the *Morning Post* (London) there appeared a long article entitled "Gold From India." This article began thus:

> During the twelve months beginning October, 1931, India has exported £60,000,000 of gold out of the private hoards which she has been accumulating, with brief interruptions, for centuries. This movement began immediately on the fall of the £ sterling, and though the rate is now somewhat slower than in the first months, it is still continuing to the extent of about £3,500,000 monthly, or about £40,000,000 a year.
>
> This enormous export of gold contrasts with an annual average import for hoarding purposes of £15,000,000 during the five years ending 1929, though, owing to the onset of depression there had been a slight decline to £13,000,000 in 1930.
>
> The Indian gold exports during the past twelve months are equal to about three-quarters of the average annual world output of about £80,000,000 in recent years. Moreover, since India is not importing any of the current output, the reversal of her hoarding policy means in effect that she is releasing for outside use a volume of gold roughly equal to the whole current production of new gold.

There is an age-old story of enormous significance wrapped up in these paragraphs, especially as regards relations between Britain and India. Not all this exported gold, of course, has gone to English vaults—much of it has gone to the Bank of France, and more still, we imagine, here to the United States. But much of it has gone to London—a repayment of 15,000,000 pounds, for example, on the Indian debt at a time when debts are not being paid! The inflow has at least been so large that the *Post* calls it "a veritable windfall." Its relation to England's ability to pay the French and American debts is obvious. Also, its place in the whole story of England's going off the gold standard. But the prime importance of this fact is to be found in its character as one more chapter in the long tale of Britain's dependence on the wealth of India for economic subsistence. For generations, while the multitudes of India have been among the most miserable of the poverty-stricken hordes of earth, Britain has waxed fat on the riches of this vast country. Millions in India starve, while Britain draws her mighty flood of gold to pay her debts and adorn her nabobs. Do we wonder that His Majesty's Government is fighting the independence movement with every weapon in her reach? And are we such fools as not to know that this Government will never surrender its overlordship of India until it is forced to do so?

No comment on the late election is more arresting than one which the New York *Times* reported from France. Among other things, it seems, the French, remembering that Woodrow Wilson was a member of Franklin D. Roosevelt's party, expect the Democratic landslide to put an end to our policy of "isolation." By those quotation marks hangs more than a mere tale. Thereby hangs one of the great American disgraces and one of the world's anxious concerns. American "isolation" is, of course, a fiction, the most fantastic of fictions. It is one of those precious souvenirs from a dead past which we delight to fondle. It is an excuse for refusing to accept international responsibilities which we cannot possibly avoid. Ever since Commodore Perry forced open the Japanese gates to our trade in 1865, we have been increasingly involved in foreign affairs, until by 1917 we were over our heads in them. Even little Iraq, unhappily seated over a pool of coveted petroleum, cannot receive her "independence" without our State Department pertly reminding Great Britain, who held the mandate over this territory, that the United States has an interest in the conditions surrounding this "independence." Modern trade has transformed the world into an interdependent unit, and America's economic preponderance since the War has made Wall Street and Washington vital nerve-centers in the world system. Whether we like the fact or not—and we clearly do not—all roads lead to, or make important connections with, these two places. Whether we admit the fact or not—and we do not—an enormous responsibility in international relations rests upon our shoulders. Our position is such that whether our Government acts or refuses to act, its action is equally decisive. Its powers and opportunities are so prodigious that it could decide the outcome of many of the world's most pressing problems; and certainly no world problem can be solved without our cooperation. Will our new administration have the courage to face the facts? We have our little skepticisms; but we also have our great hopes.

It's a great thing hearing these southern Democratic senators yapping at the European debtor nations on the charge of "repudiation." Prominent among them is the great Pat Harrison, of Mississippi. Note the state—*Mississippi!* This bailiwick of course "repudiated" its Civil War debt, but this is perhaps to be forgiven it and all the defaulters in the Great Rebellion. When investors lend money to rebels, they do so at their own gamblers' risk; and when rebels are soundly beaten, they seldom amuse themselves with the business of paying debts. But Mississippi has a history of *real* repudiation. Thus, in 1838 and again in 1842, the state issued bonds which were mostly sold in England. In due season came the question of meeting these bonds, and a plebiscite was taken on the question—Should the sovereign state of Mississippi discharge its obligations? By vote of the people it was solemnly agreed that the sovereign state of Mississippi should *not* discharge its obligations. The debt represented by these bonds, in other words, was "repudiated." Today it totals some $500,000,000, and nobody expects that the citizens of this commonwealth will ever make good. And yet Americans—many living in Mississippi, we have no doubt—denounce the Bolsheviki for repudiating not their own debts, which are all scrupulously honored, but the debts incurred by the government of the Czar, among other things to fight the movements of revolution! And Pat Harrison has the colossal impudence to attack the Allied nations, who have repudiated nothing, as defaulters. These southern gentlemen have queer ideas of honor. Also, as this country will abundantly discover in the next four years, they have queer ideas of statesmanship.

The Socialist vote continues to be the great surprise and disappointment of the late election. Not only in respect to its quantity but also in respect to its quality, was it disillusioning. Thus it was woefully small—smaller proportionately than the totals polled by Debs in 1912 and 1920. This is bad enough. But worse is the fact, growing more apparent with every supplementary report, that this vote apparently came in utterly insignificant numbers from the world of labor. The *Nation* calls attention to the fact that in Philadelphia Norman Thomas' vote in the working-class districts was relatively smaller than that in the middle-class residential section. "In the river-front wards, where living conditions are the worst in the city, he received only 166 votes out of more than 23,000 votes cast for all candidates." This, of course, is appalling. Nor is there comfort in the statement of the Atlanta *Journal* that "had any other candidate than Roosevelt been running, the Atlanta labor element would have turned to Mr. Thomas with a vote of several thousands." What is such a fickle vote worth in such an age of cataclysmic change? Suppose that these "several thousands" *had* voted for Thomas! What of it, if, in the next election, they were cast for some Democratic candidate who had special personal means of winning support? American labor is not Socialistic—not radical, nor even liberal. It is stupid, stolid, ignorant, well-content—ready to endure anything, and steadfast in voting year after year the old-line party ticket. So long as this condition lasts, the Socialist Party can never be anything more than an academic amusement; and labor will continue to be shorn like silly sheep. One can feel regret for the Socialists, who are an utterly devoted and idealistic lot. But for labor there can be no regret at all. As the workers starve and freeze this winter, they are getting only what they abundantly deserve. They can be free, but *won't*. So why weep!

Canon Frederic Lewis Donaldson, of Westminster Abbey, as reported in *Zion's Herald* some time ago, has listed seven characteristic evils of our time. They are, he claims, "Policies without Principles," "Wealth without Work," "Pleasure without Conscience," "Knowledge without Character," "Industry without Morality," "Science without Humanity," "Worship without Sacrifice." We say "Amen" to this striking indictment. The Canon has phrased with epigrammatic pith and pungency the troubles which, like cancers, are devouring the organic life of this generation. "Wealth without Work," for example! Piling up riches and at the same time running away from labor was until recently a mania of this age. And we were told that, thanks to the machine, we had found the solution of all our economic ills in this magic formula. But machines do not suspend the moral law. Too late we have discovered our error; and now, behold, as punishment, we have neither "Wealth" nor "Work." "Pleasure without Conscience" is another running sore. Of course all enlightened, by which is meant all sophisticated, opinion understands today that there is no such thing as "conscience." This was one of the dreadful superstitions of the Victorian era—or, further back, a vestigial survival of Puritanism. Today it is the healthy thing to express our emotions, have a good time, "let her rip." Anything goes provided only it means some fun. But we fail to see overmuch fun in this present-day world. Nor do we think that the ratio of personal happiness and efficiency is any higher today than it was in the days of our conscience-ridden ancestors. "Science without Humanity"—this of course means war, to the service of which science has willingly prostituted all its skill, knowledge and devotion. Yes, the Canon is right. It is in these ways that our age is rotting. Unless we have some ethical revival like that of the Cromwellian era, some religious revival like that of the Reformation, how shall our world be saved?

Reflections After Election

More than once in the past has UNITY paid tribute to that most truly tragic figure of American politics, John Peter Altgeld, Governor of Illinois from 1893 to 1897. The present is a good time to recall an address of his, delivered to the graduating class of the University of Illinois in the first year of his governorship, and reprinted in considerable part by Waldo R. Browne in his life of "the forgotten eagle," from which source I extract the following quotations. It is a good time to recall that address, dealing with the relation of the people to their political representatives, because we have but recently been through our quadrennial excitement of a presidential election; with profound gratitude for the exit of one group of place hunters we are looking forward with interest and some anticipation to the proceedings of the new company who are about to make their entrance. At such a time it is useful to get back to first principles, and it was with first principles in their practical application that John P. Altgeld always dealt.

The world, the Governor pointed out, is still governed by the clash of selfish interests: "the stronger force devours the weaker—in the woods, in the water, in the church, in business—in fact, everywhere." While government "has improved a little at every step," yet "it is simply a struggle by one selfish interest to get an advantage over another . . . and the wrongs done by governments are so great that they can be measured only by the eye of omniscience." Yet, defective as our institutions are, they are "the best that man has been able to devise, and until the level of morality and intelligence is elevated no better can be devised."

But in the raising of that level, officeholders have little part, notwithstanding their unrivaled opportunities for promoting public education. Said the Governor:

> Being an officeholder myself, I may be pardoned for saying that most of the men who are holding offices and wielding authority will soon be forgotten before the grass has had time to grow over them; for they are not the great captains, they are not the leaders of our progress and of our civilization. As a rule, they do not gaze into the firmament or measure the stars: their vision is limited to the weather-vane on public buildings. They never give the order for advance on any great question, they wait to be commanded to move, and then hesitate until assured that it is the voice of the majority calling to them. They wait until the leaders of thought have captured the stronghold of a wrong, and then they try to plant their flag over the ramparts that were stormed by others. As a rule, they are moral cowards, following the music wagon of their time, and holding the penny of immediate advantage so close to their eye as to shut out the sunlight of eternal principles.

Hence the belief of Governor Altgeld that "all great reforms, great movements, come from the bottom and not the top." Hence also his indomitable faith in knowledge and thought as the basis of improvement. "The greatest reformer and purifier in the physical world is the sun. Let the light into the dark places and the poisons collected there disappear. So with the dark places in government and civil affairs that are now festering with wrong: let the sunlight of eternal truth and justice shine on them and they will disappear."

The lapse of forty years since these words were spoken has detracted nothing from their truth and appositeness. The ending of the process of disillusionment with Mr. Hoover, which comes on March 4 next, will be succeeded on that day by the beginning of the process of disillusionment with Mr. Roosevelt—disillusionment, that is, on the part of those millions of Americans who still imagine, as in all times they have imagined, that it is possible for officeholders to do

something more than change a little, for better or for worse, the administration of the institutions by which we are served and oppressed.

But the administration of those institutions is by no means the major task that confronts us in our national life today. The real fighting is taking place, and increasingly is going to take place, in reshaping the institutions themselves, and particularly the institution of property. In waging that fight, we cannot look to officeholders for the hard thinking and the hard hitting that are necessary to success in a major struggle; for they are not real leaders. Notwithstanding the ceaseless stream of criticism that flows over all of them, from president down to local councilman and town constable, our public officials in the United States are really representative men—representative of the general level of intelligence, character, and aspiration—just that and nothing more. But that is not enough. For the capture of the strongholds of wrong we must, as Governor Altgeld said, look to genuine leaders of thought, with the people at their back.

The central stronghold today is not political, in this or any other country where every adult person can vote if he wants to. Plainly our trouble is economic. We have a country rich in natural resources beyond the dreams of avarice, supplied with a wealth of equipment so great that we scarce know how to use it, inhabited by a people ingenious, industrious, loving work and the creation of material wealth. Yet in the midst of such a land more than a quarter of all those workers are today denied a chance to earn a living—denied a chance by our institutions, though no one desires such a result. In the face of such a situation, with probably not less than twelve or thirteen million workers out of a job, what evidence have we of any really serious thinking on the part of those who suffer from the abominable operation of our institutions, or of any intention to do anything serious about it? In the late presidential unpleasantness Norman Thomas polled a few more than a beggarly half million of votes, and William Z. Foster a few tens of thousands. The remaining thirty-odd millions voted to continue things as they are, and uncounted millions did not vote at all. I do not argue that all thoughtful men must be socialists or communists, or that all socialists and communists are thoughtful men; I do argue that a vote such as this in the face of conditions such as exist in the United States today is all the evidence needed to show how little hard thinking has been done about the abominably bad working of our property institutions, and how largly private property as we know it remains a sacred cow to all sorts and conditions of Americans.

Every person who candidly considers these facts, and who knows anything of the difficulties of social change, must admit the tremendous character of the task of economic education and reorganization that lies ahead of us, a task that will not be done for us by our officeholders, but that we must perform for ourselves. It will call for all we have of brains, courage, imagination, daring. As we gird on the armor for the fight, undiscouraged in this dark December of 1932, we do well to remember another passage from the same address heretofore quoted:

> Let me tell you another thing. . . . Only about one-fourth of your efforts will produce satisfactory results. The sower went forth to sow; some seed fell by the wayside and the birds got it; some fell in stony places and it could not get root; some fell among thorns and got choked by its wicked neighbors; and some fell on fertile ground and brought forth a harvest. It has always been thus, and is everywhere so today. If all the efforts I have made which have produced no results were collected, and piled on top of me, they would bury me so deep that Gabriel's horn would never awaken me. You say I am making a pessimistic speech. Not at all. I am simply telling you what there is ahead. The old cardinal said to the young woman: "You are Richelieu's ward; you are a soldier's wife; you must not shrink from hearing the truth."

And when the way grows weary and the fight seems everywhere to go against us, we do well to recall the last words of that man

> " . . . brave as the truth,
> Whose name the few still say with tears":

> I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. The pendulum swings one way and then another. But the steady pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure, or the building will fall. So it is with nations. Wrong may seem to triumph. Right may seem to be defeated. But the gravitation of eternal justice is toward the Throne of God. Any political institution which is to endure must be plumb with that line of justice.

H. R. Mussey.

Jottings

"Von Papen's Usefulness Held Ended"—New York *Herald-Tribune,* November 14.
"Papen Now More Firmly in Saddle in Reich Than Ever."—New York *Times,* November 14.

It's a wise newspaper that knows its own news!

"We are in a new social revolt," says the Editor of the *Christian Register.* This may be so. But a social revolt that expresses itself in an uprising for Roosevelt and the Democratic Party looks to us about as much like a revolution as a safety-razor is like a sword.

Victor Hugo used to speak of "Napoleon the Great" and "Napoleon the Little." In our present difficulty of distinguishing between Theodore Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt, perhaps—eh——!!

"If there were no international debt problem, if a large percentage of our agricultural population were not dependent on disposal of its products abroad, if no tariff barriers blocked international trade, if our various governmental bodies were living within their income, and, finally, if the weight of private internal debts were not intolerable, all of the favorable factors (in the present business situation) would be heartening."—Gammick & Co., in current Investment Bulletin.

At last——an optimist!

A court has ruled that if a golfer hits his own caddy with his ball, he is immune; but if he hits somebody else's caddy, he is liable. This sounds like the law of nations. If a government attacks and kills its own people, it is law and order; but if it attacks and kills the people of another country, it is war!

Ironies of Circumstance: (9)—that when we have youth, we lack experience; and when we have gained experience, we have lost youth.

J. H. H.

The Ghoul

A One Act Play by Jay G. Sigmund

Cast of Characters

Morris Owen—A groceryman in Fort Armond, Iowa.
Robert Owen—His Son.
Luella Owen—His Wife.
Evelyn Owen—His Daughter.
Professor Hitchcock—Principal of the Fort Armond West Side High School.
Miss Raymond—Teacher in Psychology in the Fort Armond West Side High School. (Rather in love with Professor Hitchcock.)
Reverend Darrell Holbrook—Rector of Saint Mary's Episcopal Church.
Two Policemen.
A Plain Clothes Man.

The Setting

The scene is laid in the "living room" of the Owen home. The room is typical of the home of a lower middle class tradesperson. "Enlarged" portraits of ancestors are on the wall. A victrola and a radio are there, and there are some attempts to gain beauty by placing on a "gate legged" table a large piece of cheap statuary. The furniture is the typical golden oak "instalment" furniture of the early nineteen hundreds. The curtains and rugs are harsh in tone. There is an over-supply of lamps, including two floor lamps.

Time: The late Nineteen-twenties.

Time of Day: Evening.

The Play Opens

(*As the curtain rises, Morris Owen is shown seated on one side of the "Library" table, with his newspaper. He is a man past middle age with a grayish toothbrush mustache, grayish hair, a somewhat pompous manner, and an air of self-satisfaction. His clothes are cheap, and do not fit over-well. He is wearing a high, white, linen collar that is obviously making him uncomfortable. He wears a huge elk tooth watch chain and several emblems on his lapel.*

Seated near him, on the opposite side of the room, are his wife, a colorless self-effacing woman, and his daughter, a girl of eighteen with bobbed hair and an over-dressed, tawdry appearance.)

Morris Owen *(laying his paper on the table beside him):* It seems to me its about time for the Reverend and Professor Hitchcock and Miss Raymond to be showing up.

Luella Owen *(scrutinizing her fancy work, on which she has been busied, carefully):* Oh, they'll be here pretty soon. It's only seven-thirty, but what worries me is, where Robert stays so late. It'd be too bad to have a surprise for him and then not have him come home.

Evelyn Owen *(tossing her head and almost sniffing):* It wouldn't surprise me a bit he wouldn't come home. He's likely down to the library reading some of them musty old art books or else hanging around the art gallery talking with someone who's cuckoo on art like he is.

Morris Owen: Well, I'd think he'd remember its his birthday, and he knows we always plan something for him. I declare I worry about that kid sometimes. He seems to be moonin' around all the time. He gets good grades in school, but he can't seem to keep his mind on anything that amounts to much. He worries the life out of me when I have him up to the store. He's always makin' mistakes with folks in their change, and never seems to see things that need to be done. The other day things was a little dull and I asked him to sweep out. I thought while he was doin' that I'd go up the street and see what the basketball score was. When I come back, the store wasn't swept, and what do you think I found him doin'?

Evelyn Owen: Lord, I wouldn't even try to guess.

Morris Owen: He was carving a figger out of a piece of ivory soap—a ten cent bar of ivory it was too.

Evelyn Owen: Oh, Gawd!

Luella Owen *(in her colorless monotone, again squinting at her fancy work):* Well, don't scold about that, Pa. Robert's all right. Reverend Holbrook said to me just Sunday that we ought to be right proud of Robert. He said Robert had real talent as a sculptor. Professor Hitchcock said the same thing, and so did Miss Raymond. They said, too, that the boy needed encouragement.

Morris Owen: There you go, hintin' that I don't encourage him. Well, maybe I don't, especially when it comes to cuttin' up ten cent bars of ivory soap. I'd like to have him amount to something. I'd like to break him into the business and get things fixed so he could take it over some day. If he wants to play with his fool whittlin' on Sundays or evenings, that's all right, but business and art don't mix.

Evelyn Owen: Ma, honest to goodness, you're almost as much of a dreamer as Robert is. I do believe that's where he gets his queerness. What are you always jumpin' onto Pa for about his not encouragin' Robert? What Robert needs is an injection of pep. He gives me a pain in the neck!

Morris Owen: Now I'm not altogether agreein' with either one of you women. I'm not agin art. Cartoonists and these fellows that draw the magazine covers make big money, they tell me. I was talkin' to a fellow up at the Elks the other day that paints theatre scenery. He's from Florida. He's got himself pretty well fixed, I hear. But here's what gripes me: Robert won't listen to any kind of art that there's any money in. He says that's sellin' out. He wants to model figures out of clay and then have them cast into bronze, or

he wants to chisel busts out of marble. Did you ever hear such damn nonsense?

LUELLA OWEN: Just let the boy alone—he'll come out all right.

MORRIS OWEN: Yes, that's all I ever get out of you. You say he don't get any encouragement. If he'd do as I say and take a little interest in the store, he'd be ready to start in makin' wages when he gets out of high school, and then he could go to Chicago or some place and study art. That's the kind of encouragement I give him, but you think he should be left to loaf and moon around and whittle up ivory soap.

EVELYN OWEN: Oh, let's can all this. What's the use? What's in the paper, Pa?

MORRIS OWEN: No trace of the man who murdered old Graham, the jeweler, yet, but they think they've got a clue. They've been seein' a man go through the graveyard every night where old Graham is buried. The police think it's the murderer going back to the grave of Graham because of his mordid curiosity.

EVELYN OWEN: Oh, my Gawd! But I think that word's not mordid, Pa. I think it's pronounced morgid.

MORRIS OWEN: I hear someone coming up the walk. That's the Reverend and Professor Hitchcock and Miss Raymond, I'll bet.

(The door-bell rings and Morris Owen arises, pulls down his coat, smooths his hair and opens the door. There enters, first: Reverend Darrell Holbrook, a typical Episcopal rector, about thirty years of age. He is followed by Miss Raymond, a true teacher-spinster type, thin, tall and blonde. Then comes Professor Hitchcock, Principal of the West Side High School. He is true to type, a middle aged, sparse man with horn-rimmed glasses and a small mustache.)

MORRIS OWEN: Good evening! Good evening! Terrible glad to see you. *(He pumps each person's hand vigorously. Each of them acknowledge his greeting with a "good evening, Mr. Owen," and then shake hands with, first Mrs. Owen, and then Evelyn. They greet each according to the same cordial formula used with Mr. Owen, and the women simply return their greetings with embarrassed "good evenings." There is then an awkward pause, according to the usual manner of people unused to the social niceties, and then Evelyn takes the men's hats and Miss Raymond's hat, muttering: "I'll put these in the bedroom.")*

MORRIS OWEN *(placing chairs):* Now just be seated, folks. Make yourselves to home. We are expectin' Robert every minute. I guess he stayed down to the library to read a little. He don't know you're comin' of course.

MISS RAYMOND *(effusively):* Oh, the dear boy! Totally unaware of his birthday, no doubt. Wrapped up in his books and his art. Aren't you proud of him, Mrs. Owen?

LUELLA OWEN *(in her colorless way):* Yes, I am.

REVEREND DARRELL HOLBROOK: Isn't it interesting that the police have some clew to the murderer of Mr. Graham? I see by the paper they've seen a man going into the cemetery each night. They think that he is no doubt the murderer.

MISS RAYMOND: I've not the least idea but they are right. We learn in psychology that murderers frequently re-visit the scene of their crimes, or return to where their victim's body is buried.

PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK *(admiringly):* I too think the police are right, and I know Miss Raymond has agreed with the police because she has given the matter some thought from the viewpoint of the scholar of psychology.

REVEREND MR. HOLBROOK: Well, the police and Miss Raymond are no doubt right, but I'm a simple, old-fashioned man. I say simply that God is leading a sinner to retribution.

MISS RAYMOND: Oh, Mr. Holbrook, we quite agree with you. However, we psychologists go a step farther than the clergy, that's all.

MORRIS OWEN: I hear footsteps coming up the walk. Now be quiet everybody. *(Evelyn enters the room again.)* Just sit here and see how surprised he'll be when he comes in. *(Opens the door and waits a moment.)* Come in, Robert.

(Robert Owen enters. He is a handsome, dark-eyed lad with a shy manner and a poet's features. He is nineteen years of age. He is dressed in a somewhat shabby blue serge suit and wears a soft white shirt, open at the throat. He comes into the room somewhat hesitatingly, and is obviously surprised and embarrassed.)

MISS RAYMOND *(going up to Robert and extending her hand):* Many happy returns of the day! I'll warrant you'd forgotten your birthday entirely.

(Rector Holbrook and Professor Hitchcock each congratulates Robert, who acknowledges with a mere "thank you" and twists his black felt hat in his thin white hands.)

LUELLA OWEN *(arising and putting her arm over Robert's shoulders after they are all seated):* Son, what made you so late? We thought you might not come.

ROBERT OWEN: Well, mother, I had some things I wanted to look up at the library. You see *(seems hesitant and somewhat embarrassed.)* I've been reading all I could about Greek sculpture here of late, and I get down there and get my head in a book and it seems I can't leave it. I wasn't conscious it was so late, and Miss Raymond is right. I'd forgotten all about my birthday. *(Robert and his mother take chairs.)*

PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK: Well, Robert, it's good to stop here a few minutes this evening and see you. Your teachers are very proud of you and very much interested in your progress. We expect great things of you, Robert, and I'm sure you won't disappoint us. We all believe in you a great deal.

ROBERT *(embarrassed):* Oh, thank you, Professor Hitchcock. It's good of you to come and good of you to say you believe in me. I wish there was more to justify that belief. I really haven't done anything. The few little pieces of sculpture I've turned out are nothing. I'm hopeful, though, and I really want to do something. I'm dreaming hard and working as much as I can. I feel sometimes like a man with a great longing in his soul to create something, and at the same time I feel that some accident has befallen me and my hands are cut off.

EVELYN OWEN *(with another of her near-sniffs):* Especially when someone asks you to put some coal in the furnace.

LUELLA OWEN: Now Evelyn, that wasn't very nice.

MR. HOLBROOK: I've prayed for your success,

Robert, and I believe in you. I know you're going to make us all very proud of you some day.

MORRIS OWEN: Now friends, I know you're all proud of Robert and you want him to succeed. When he won that fifty dollar prize in the show the women's club put on, I guess I had a dozen telephone calls the next day, congratulatin' me. I think I was a little proud myself that day, and I'm proud right now, but I think maybe that what Robert needs more than anything else is a little lecturin', and I guess his father is the person to give him that. But anyway, I grab on to this occasion, his birthday, to do it, and I want you folks to sort of back me up. Will you?

(All together, they answer: Yes.)

MORRIS OWEN: Robert has got talent, or at least you all say so, and you folks ought to know because you've got education. Now, I don't claim to know much, but I've made a little somethin' out of myself by hard work. When I come down here to Fort Armond off the farm, I didn't know enough to turn off an electric light. I've worked hard, and now I've got a good little business; nothin' big, but it's growin'. I've got this home, and I'm secretary of four lodges. In two other lodges I've been through all the chairs, and in one other I've been state chancellor commander, and if you think it ain't hard to get that office, just ask Chief of Police Bidderman. He held it once, and he and I are close friends.

Now, as I was going to say, what Robert lacks is the practical side. He couldn't manage his money affairs if he made a million out of art, and unless a fellow can manage the financial side of anything, he's a failure.

ROBERT OWEN *(in great distress):* Please, Pa, don't go on that way. I don't want to make money, any why do you want to bore my friends with all this?

MISS RAYMOND: But Robert, we're not bored. Let your father finish.

REVEREND MR. HOLBROOK: Yes, Robert, let your father talk. It's for your good, after all.

MORRIS OWEN *(continuing):* Now I'm bound to get Robert out of some of his careless habits, and I'm determined to push him along no matter what it costs, but he's got to do his share. Here's my proposition: if he'll buckle down to work in the store every night and Saturday from now until school's out, and then work in the store this summer so I won't have to hire extra help during the rush season, I'll send him to the Art Institute in Chicago next fall. Is that a fair offer, or ain't it?

MISS RAYMOND: Splendid! Oh, I'm so glad!

PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK: You're so generous and thoughtful, Mr. Owen.

REVEREND MR. HOLBROOK: Robert, I see you want to say something. Don't be in too much of a hurry. Let your father speak some more.

ROBERT OWEN *(impulsively):* But father, I don't want to go to the Art Institute!

MORRIS OWEN *(half angrily):* Now there, friends, is what I'm up against. What can a fellow do? The boy's simply an impractical dreamer, as they say. He makes me think of Old Dan Ordway out on the Wapsie where I was raised. Dan used to whittle chairs out of pine and make peachstone watch charms, but he wouldn't do anything else. Once he took first premium at the fair for the best wood carvin'. That finished him. His farm growed up to weeds, and he lost it in a couple of years. Day after day he'd set under a big basswood tree out in front of his house, and whittle. He just whittled his farm away—and died.

ROBERT OWEN *(with a distressed look and in a tone that reveals his utter hopelessness):* Oh, will you people never understand, and, if you won't understand, why can't you at least let me alone? I've told you over and over that it isn't money I want, nor fame, nor any of the tawdry things you think of. There's simply something in me that wants to come out; something that cries aloud for expression at times and at other times presses here (puts his hand on his breast) so it hurts like a knife wound. I can't tell you what it is, but it gets into my hands, and then I want to create something with them. This thing gets me when I see some beautiful thing like a perfect body, a graceful horse or a lovely face. When I've found a lump of clay and started to make a likeness of the thing I see, the hurt here stops. When I've got the thing finished, I'm happy. All I need is a little clay, a block of cherry wood or a piece of stone. I never bother anyone and never ask anyone to praise what I've created, or buy it. Why can't you understand, Pa, and just let me have pleasure in this the same as you do in your store or your lodges?

(Robert has been so full of excitement and so eager that he be understood that he is nearly breathless when he finishes.)

(His father gives a gesture of impatience, and Evelyn does the same, ejaculating loudly: "Can you beat it?" Luella Owen, the boy's mother, has gone over to his side and now puts her arm around him.)

PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK: Bravo, Robert! You talk like a real artist.

REVEREND MR. HOLBROOK: Yes, indeed.

MISS RAYMOND: Oh, Robert, I'm so proud of you! I know from my studies in psychology just what lays at the bottom of your complex. But, my dear boy, your father is still in the right, I believe. He is looking out for the practical side. Why don't you take him up on his proposition? Come, let's see the last piece of work you have started. I'd like to say I saw something of yours which you held in your hand when you were at the very fork of the roads in your artistic career, as it were.

(There is a loud knock on the door. Everybody looks surprised, and then another louder knock, and before anyone can reach the threshold the door bursts open and two policemen in uniform and one in plain clothes rush into the room. The officers are very much on the defensive and have their hands on their guns. They appear very officious and important and look as though they expected resistance. Everybody has risen to their feet as the officers come in. Now they look from one to the other of the occupants of the room. Morris Owen looks horrified and angry at first, but suddenly he recognizes the first policeman who came through the door.)

MORRIS OWEN *(cordially):* Why hello, Kelly. What the devil's up?

FIRST POLICEMAN *(showing a smile of recognition):* Why, how are you, Owen? I didn't know this was your house.

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *(frowning and walking up to Robert):* Sorry, Owen, but we've come for your young man here. *(Pulls a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.)*

(Robert cringes back, a look of horror on his face. Luella Owen, the boy's mother, rushes to his side with a scream. Everybody looks horrified.)

MORRIS OWEN *(laughing and stepping over to the burly plain clothes man):* Why Ford, what kind of a mix-up is this, anyway? You've made a bad blunder. This kid ain't done nothin'.

SECOND POLICEMAN *(stepping forward and drawing his club):* Maybe he has and then again maybe he h'aint, but it don't look any too good for him. Don't you interfere!

REVEREND MR. HOLBROOK *(obviously very frightened and approaching the plain clothes man):* Officer, I'm this boy's pastor. We're here helping him celebrate his nineteenth birthday. What is he charged with? Certainly there's some dreadful mistake.

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *(getting between Robert and the door and still holding the handcuffs):* Well folks, as long as nobody's puttin' up any resistance, I'll take the trouble to explain a little. You know Old Man Graham, the jeweler, was murdered and they buried him in the South Graveyard. Naturally, we've been busy lookin' for clews. The graveyard was watched every night. For two nights a man went over to the west gate of the graveyard, right near Old Graham's grave, and, after he'd gone in and looked around a little, he'd go out again. We watched him for two nights, and tonight he come again. We saw him pick something up and then sneak out just like he'd done before, so we followed him, and he come right to your house, went into your garage a minute and then come in here, and there he is right there. *(Pointing to Robert.)*

(Robert cringes beneath the accusing gaze of the detective. Luella Owen clings to Robert, and he pats her shoulder reassuringly.)

MORRIS OWEN: Now look here, Ford, I don't know how to explain this, but I know that kid wouldn't hurt a flea. He may be queer, but he's harmless.

DETECTIVE: We're not sayin' he did hurt anyone. All we know is: Old Graham was murdered. Murderers usually go back to where their victims are buried. Someone's been snoopin' around the South Graveyard nights, and tonight we laid for him. The gink was your boy here. It ain't my business whether he's the guy that croaked Old Graham or not, but it is my business to bring suspects in.

REVEREND MR. HOLBROOK: But officer, this harmless nineteen year old boy—

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN: Harmless or no harmless, that don't mean nothin', Elder. Some of the worst crimes has been committed by just such wishy-washy fellows as this. Look at that guy Hickman, in California. Hacked a girl all to pieces. Maybe he's a sadness.

MISS RAYMOND: Oh, officer, you mean a sadist!

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN: Beg your pardon, lady. I guess you're right.

EVELYN OWEN *(rushes to Robert's side and shakes him):* You boob, why don't you talk? Why don't you say you didn't do it?

MORRIS OWEN *(excitedly):* Don't you say a word, Robert. Just keep your trap shut. That's why so many folks get into deep water when they're arrested. Just keep mum. I know the Chief and I know all the best lawyers in town, and I set in lodge every Friday night with a Judge. Just keep your trap shut, kid!

(Robert looks bewildered. His mother clings to him. The others look helpless and perplexed.)

FIRST POLICEMAN: Owen, we're right sorry for the boy and his mother. We're sorry for you, too. I tell you, as a brother Moose, I wish it wasn't this way.

SECOND POLICEMAN: Same for me, Owen. I'm mighty sorry. I know how a father must feel. I ain't sayin' much, but the fact is, it looks bad for the kid. Of course it's hard for you to realize the boy might commit a crime, but on a murder case last Fall, I heard an allyunist talk about the convexes these gentle young fellows sometimes have, and you'd be surprised what they'll do when they have a brainstorm.

MISS RAYMOND: You mean an alienist, officer, and you don't mean convexes. You mean complexes.

SECOND POLICEMAN: Come to think of it, lady, I guess you're right. Anyway, you, bein' educated, know how dangerous the type is.

MISS RAYMOND *(apparently greatly distressed):* Oh Robert, why don't you say something? If you've been guilty of this horrible thing, confess. It will be much easier if you do.

MORRIS OWEN: Don't open your trap, kid. Keep mum.

(Robert Owen takes his mother's arm off his shoulder and faces the policeman.)

ROBERT OWEN: Will you people let me talk? Will you—

(Morris Owen rushes to his son's side in great excitement. His features are set and his eyes blazing.)

MORRIS OWEN *(loudly):* Don't say a word, I tell you, don't say a word. I'll help you out of this if you'll just keep your trap shut, but if you don't, by God, I'll have nothing to do with you. I tell you, I've got influence with the Chief of Police. I know judges and I stand in with good lawyers. This thing's serious. Tomorrow's plenty of time to talk, when I get a lawyer for you.

ROBERT OWEN *(almost screaming):* Then take me to jail. Almost anything's better than staying here, anyway! If you'd let me talk, I'd explain in two minutes—

(Morris Owen excitedly rushes over to his son and holds his hand over his mouth as he grasps his shoulders.)

MORRIS OWEN: Keep still, you fool!

(Just at that moment a newsboy is heard outside crying: Wuxtra! Graham murderer arrested in Chicago! Wuxtra! Everybody turns toward the door. The policemen look at each other. Again the newsboy's cry of Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Graham murderer arrested in Chicago! Confesses to crime!)

MORRIS OWEN: Get a paper, Evelyn, for God's sake!

(Evelyn rushes to the door and gives a shrill whistle. There are sounds of footsteps running up a walk and a "Thank you, miss" from a newsboy. She comes in with a paper in her hand, which she hands to the plain clothes man. Everyone gathers round. The plain clothes man reads aloud):

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN: *Chicago, February Sixteenth. Police last night arrested George Cramer, alias One-Eyed George, for a holdup, and later Cramer confessed to the murder of a Fort Armond, Iowa man by the name of Richard Graham. Police in Fort Armond will be notified at once.*

(There is a long silence.)

FIRST POLICEMAN *(sheepishly):* Well, we'd better get back to the station and see the Chief. It won't look overly good to be caught here. Let's go.

SECOND POLICEMAN: Oh, I don't know. This young fellow here may not have murdered Graham, but what was he doin' in that graveyard? I'm all for takin' him to the station anyway. At least, I want an explanation before I go.

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN: Yes, young fellow, go ahead and tell us what you was doin' in that cemetery.

(Robert Owen looks bewildered. He looks first at the plain clothes man and then to his father. Morris Owen goes to him. He looks embarrassed and bewildered.)

MORRIS OWEN: That's all right, Robert. I guess you can talk now.

ROBERT OWEN *(with great emotion):* Oh, you fools! You'd never understand!

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *(vigorously):* Now look here, young fellow. Don't you know you're talkin' with officers of the law? Don't give me too much of your lip. I'm not sure yet but what you may be a goal —a fellow who robs graves and sells the bodies to colleges.

MISS RAYMOND: Officer, you mean ghoul.

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN: Maybe. I'm not sure of anything tonight, lady.

MORRIS OWEN: Speak up, Robert. If you get in any trouble, I'll get the best damn lawyer in Iowa to defend you, free!

ROBERT OWEN *(gently):* Officer, did you ever make anything with your hands? Did you really ever create anything? Do you know what it is to want to make something so bad it hurts you right here? *(Puts his hand on his breast).*

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN: Well, now that you mention it, kid, I believe I get what you're drivin' at. Yes sir, I know what you mean. I got a spell on about two years ago and I wanted a new walnut stock on my shotgun. I thought about it every Sunday and I could just see myself down in the basement, shavin' away at a block of walnut. I could almost smell the shavin's, too. You know how walnut smells. I took my chisels and my gauge and spent every evenin' sharpenin' them tools on an oil stone. Yes, kid, I know how you feel when you get that kind of a hankerin'. You don't get no rest until you get at the job, either.

FIRST POLICEMAN: I've felt thataway about makin' a ballbat when I was a kid.

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN: Yes, I understand and, by gosh, I got my piece of walnut and I made my gunstock. It was a piece of curley walnut, too. You know how purty that is. Lord, how I enjoyed workin' nights after supper on that thing! I'd rub it down with oil and sand, and then I'd give it a coat of shellac, and then I'd rub it down again. I was so interested in that thing I only went to lodge once that winter. When it was done, I took it down to the station and showed it to the boys. Gee, but they was jealous of it! One of 'em offered me ten dollars for it. I wouldn't have took fifty, but *(severely, as though just coming to himself)* what's all this got to do with you?

ROBERT OWEN *(smiling and now thoroughly composed):* Just wait a minute, officer. Can I go to the garage?

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *(rather doubtfully):* Why yes, I guess so.

(Robert smilingly leaves the room. The rest look at each other questionably. He is gone only a moment and then returns with a large package wrapped in a newspaper.)

ROBERT OWEN: You see, officer, I've been whittling, too. I have spent every evening for two weeks at the library reading a book on Greek sculpture and looking at the plates. I became fascinated with the features of Socrates. He was a great Greek philosopher, you know. More and more I wanted to carve him in marble. It seemed any other material would profane such a subject. Once I modeled the head in clay, but I threw it away. I must have a piece of marble, and where to get it I didn't know. I was afraid if I asked Pa for the money to buy it, he'd laugh. You know it's awfully hard to make some people understand a thing like this. I went to a monument factory and tried to beg a piece. They didn't have any. All the time I was wanting more and more to cut the face of Socrates in marble. It got to hurting right here. *(Puts his hand on his breast.)*

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *(understandingly):* Yes, I know how that is.

ROBERT OWEN: At last I decided I couldn't wait any longer; I must have that marble. Once I'd been at a funeral and in the South Graveyard I saw a white marble tombstone with the ornament on the top broken off and laying by the monument. It was just the right size. I couldn't I—I—officer *(starts to cry)* I went into the graveyard and stole it and here it is!

(There is a dramatic pause. His mother gives a tiny cry and puts her handkerchief to her eyes, but reveals joy. Morris Owen looks bewildered. The others stand agape. Evelyn gives an impatient gesture of disgust. The policemen smile understandingly, and the plain clothes man is visibly affected and completely sympathetic.)

ROBERT OWEN *(regaining his composure):* There's the story, officer. *(Unwraps the bundle.)* Here's the marble. I won't conceal anything. I stole it *(With emotion.)* Take me along!

PLAIN CLOTHES MAN *(patting Robert on the back):* Not on your life, son. You stay right here and get to your sculpin'. I understand. Why (sheepishly) I stole the walnut I made that gunstock with. The Chief went to the Chief of Police Convention at Des Moines and was gone a week. While he was away I took the walnut seat out of his swivel desk chair and put in a pine one I'd stained with walnut stain. Don't you worry, kid, *(starts to go)* I understand.

(Curtain.)

Comic Sin

When He said of little children, suffer them to come to me,
I am sure He did not set His teeth and lift His eyes;
I am sure that in His bearing there was nothing one could see
To indicate that He was proud of being wise.
And I know His voice was gentle, gentle like the sun
When it softly bids the roses, "Come, now, blossom every one."
There was never in His vision any less than perfect man . . .
Let the selfish and self-righteous fatten, each within his stall!
I feel sure their condescension to us others in the plan
Must seem to Mister Satan the most comic sin of all.

LEFA MORSE EDDY

Lord Willingdon's Repressive Ordinances in India

Just what are the repressive Ordinances of Lord Willingdon, the present Viceroy, which are in force in India now, which have terrorized the country and against which all political parties and all religious faiths are united in indignant protest? Many of the Ordinances of Lord Irwin, the preceding Viceroy, shocked all India, if not the world. But those of Lord Willingdon are even more drastic, more sweeping and more defiant of the will of the Indian people. Lord Irwin's Ordinances were suspended a year ago by a truce with Mahatma Gandhi, to allow the latter to go to the London Round Table Conference. It was hoped that the truce would be permanent, and that no more such Ordinances would be promulgated.

But when the London Conference was over, in December, last, and Gandhi returned to India, he found to his surprise that the new Viceroy had broken the truce and issued a series of Ordinances more severe than ever.

Lord Willingdon's first ordinances applied particularly to the great Province of Bengal, the largest in India; but these were soon followed by others applying to other Provinces and to the whole country. They were so extensive in their scope and went into such vast numbers of details that to attempt to give them in any fullness here is, of course, out of the question; all that can be done, and really all that is necessary, is to describe briefly the most important, and thus make clear the general nature of the whole. The ordinances may be briefly summarized, as follows:

The Ordinances

1. Sudden arrest, without warrant, of any suspected person, and detention without trial for an indefinite duration of time.

2. Special tribunals of three persons set up to try political offenders.

3. Verdicts of two persons of the three to prevail.

4. The tribunals to meet and carry on their proceedings *in camera.*

5. The accused not allowed witnesses or counsel or any form of defense.

6. Accused persons may be tried in their absence.

7. The tribunals may give sentences of death or of transportation for life.

8. No appeal allowed from decisions of the tribunals.

9. Proceeding of tribunals to be secret, no records to be kept, no written notes or other writing allowed, everything must be oral (to prevent information getting to the public).

10. The Government may take over for its use any property movable or immovable—land, houses, furniture, vehicles, etc., retaining the same as long as it sees fit. or permanently. The District Officer may allow compensation for the same if he sees fit, and such as he sees fit; or he may refuse to allow any compensation.

11. Any person or persons may be ordered by a government official to reside or not to reside, to remain or not to remain, in any designated place or area; and also to conduct himself or themselves in such a manner, or to refrain from such acts or activities, as may be designated by said official.

12. Various classes of persons, teachers and others, may be conscripted for government service, and compelled to spend as much time and render as much aid as required, in "maintaining law and order," "protecting government property," etc., etc.

13. Private and public conveyances, and all means of transportation by railroad, trolley, bus, automobile or public or private carriages of any kind, may be denied to any person or persons.

14. Collective fines may be imposed on villages or other communities in case of certain offenses committed by individuals.

15. Whole villages may be punished on suspicion that persons in the village have harbored suspects.

16. Boycotting, however peaceable, in connection with any kind of business, is declared a crime punishable with six months' imprisonment.

17. Any attempt peacefully to persuade any person not to buy *liquor,* a crime punishable with two years of imprisonment at hard labor.

18. The National Congress, Local Congresses, and Committees or organizations connected in any way with the Congress, are declared illegal and suppressed. The same true of large numbers of other organizations and associations of various kinds suspected of being in sympathy with the Non-Cooperation Movement, including village societies, political societies and clubs, labor organizations, social clubs, youth leagues, student societies and clubs, women's organizations, and even "knitting circles" and charity societies.[1]

19. Any monies, securities or credits believed by any Local Government to belong to, or to be intended for the use of any "unlawful association" (The National Congress, *et al.*) may be seized and forfeited to the Government. [The monies, securities, etc., may not have anything to do with any "unlawful association," but no appeal is allowed and no defense by the parties injured.]

20. There is severe censorship of mails, telegraphs, cables and wireless, including letters and reports sent to English and American papers. This is affirmed by several reliable correspondents. The Government aims to prevent any news that it deems unfavorable to its interests from going out of the country, even to England. Instances are known of its interfering with cable messages to Members of Parliament.

21. There is severe censorship of the press, and severe punishment for printing anything considered by the Government to be "seditious" or calculated to bring the Government "into contempt or disrespect." This has been denied by Sir Samuel Hoare. But it has been shown to be true by unimpeachable evidences from many sources.

22. In some of the Provinces the Local Magistrate is empowered to regulate or to prohibit as he likes, traffic over any road, pathway, waterway or bridge, to forbid any person or persons from riding on any railway or vessel, and to prevent any train or vessel from stopping at any designated station.

23. In one or more of the Provinces the Local Government is empowered to require grocers or other traders to refuse to sell anything, even medicine or food, to persons suspected of having any connection with the National Congress or any other organization disapproved by the Government.

Such in brief are the ordinances promulgated in India soon after the close of the Second London Round Table Conference.

How have the ordinances been carried out or enforced? In exactly the same spirit which they themselves breathe, namely, the spirit of iron determination to crush the Indian National Congress, to crush the Gandhi Non-Violent Non-Cooperation Movement, to crush the whole movement of the Indian people for real Dominion Status, for real self-rule, for real freedom in any form to be carried into effect within any near or definite or even discernible future.

Of course, such ruthless ordinances, issued for so ruthless a purpose, and enforced by a hundred thousand ruthless policemen, and a strong army equipped with all modern appliances of war, against an unarmed and peaceable people, could not but produce terrible atrocities in their enforcement.

Sir Abdur Rahim, a distinguished Mohammedan Judge, makes the strong declaration:

> These ordinances have deprived everybody in India of every vestige of right: right to personal safety, right to liberty, right to association, every kind of right that every human being may possess.

Indian leaders of all parties and many Englishmen call them "The White Terror" and compare them to the worst tyrannies of the Russian Czars, and to the Star Chamber tyrannies in England which all Englishmen look back to with shame and horror. Gandhi says

1. Such organizations reported to have been suppressed in the Bombay Presidency alone between the date of the issue of Lord Willingdon's Ordinance and January 14 (1932) was 554.

of them: "They are an inhuman exercise of executive power." And again: "They are more ghastly than the Rowlatt Acts."

Mr. Laurence Housman writes of them in *The Indian Review* (London):

> If terrifying ordinances such as are now operating all over India, were put in force in a smallest part of England, Wales or Scotland, it would arouse Parliament and the whole country to the fiercest opposition.

The British tell us they are enforcing their ordinances in India in order to banish terrorism from the country. Pandit Motilal Nehru answered shortly before his death: "The British Government is the greatest terrorist organization India has ever known."

In a private letter received by the present writer from Rev. C. F. Andrews, dated Santinnechetan, India, March 18, 1932, that eminent and just Englishman declared: "We are under nothing less than martial law, in a great part of India."

Miss Slade, daughter of Admiral Slade, writes:

> England's once fair and honored name is being dragged lower and lower, by the shameful fact that she allows men and women to be jailed, beaten, terrorized, and subjected to insults and indecencies that are simply unthinkable. And why? Because they dare to say, "Give us freedom." Thank God, some brave Englishmen and Englishwomen are daring to stand by their side and declare, "These brutalities must stop. India has as much right to freedom as we have."

Britain asks the Indian people to trust her, and complains that they do not. The Indian people reply: We want to trust you. We have long tried to trust you. You have met our trust with Rowlatt Acts and Punjab atrocities under Lord Chelmsford, with ordinances akin to martial law under Lord Irwin, and now with these ordinances under Lord Willingdon, which are, if possible, more inhuman than any that preceded them.

Mr. George Lansbury, M. P., Parliamentary leader of the Labor Party, said in a press interview, January 6, 1932: "If Britain can rule India only by the sword, we should come away; for as sure as fate the sword will break in our hands, and bring us ruin. The fact that the Viceroy has said that Britain's position can be maintained only by martial law, is of itself the worst condemnation of our rule."

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Study Table

New Books

Two serious studies in International Law have issued from the Columbia University Press, one or both of which have been assisted by the Carnegie Foundation. Both are written by women and both deal with important matters concerning the present condition. "Compulsory Arbitration of International Disputes"[1] is by Helen May Cory. It is not a study of arbitration in general, but of *compulsory* as distinguished from *voluntary* arbitration. The history of such arbitration is traced from its beginning up to the present. "There is no obligation to arbitrate unless a state has bound itself to do so by a treaty or covenant of some kind." The first treaties in which compulsory arbitration was agreed upon were between the Latin American Republics. Later, European nations have embodied the principle in some of their treaties. The early Latin American treaties provided for general arbitration, no reservations being made. In Europe, where old and deep-rooted differences existed between states, reservations were made. These reservations are usually of three kinds—(a) "vital interests," matters involving honor, existence, etc., (b) matters of purely domestic character; (c) matters involving the interests and rights of third parties. In the development of the principle of compulsory arbitration interesting points have arisen. *Legal* as distinguished from *political* questions have been defined. Shall a special arbitration board be set up for each matter as it arises or shall it be settled by a permanent court? It is generally agreed that every effort must be made to adjust difficulties before appeal is made to arbitration. Ordinary diplomatic procedure, conciliation, must be exhausted first. Experience shows that it is much easier to make bilateral than multilateral agreements. On the whole progress has been made. Hundreds of treaties have been made in which the principle is accepted. In some of these little has been granted; in others broad and liberal attitudes are evidenced. Miss Cory has done a careful and thorough piece of work. At the close of her study she says:

> A nation may settle its disputes by voluntary arbitration as effectively as by compulsory arbitration, but only by compulsory arbitration can it remove that uncertainty as to its intentions which is one of the greatest obstructions to an international sense of security and hence to the peace of the world.

"International Law in National Courts"[2] is by Ruth D. Masters. In it an analysis is made of the relation between international and national law in the four European nations—Germany, Switzerland, France and Belgium. When conflict arises between international and national laws, what is the procedure in the court and what is the attitude of the judge? Two principal theories exist among the writers, which are known as the *monist* and *dualist*. The former claims that international law is supreme over national; the latter holds that there are two different legal systems having different sources and addressing themselves to different subjects. On the whole, the four nations in question may be said to hold the *dualist* attitude. As to international law itself, it presents three phases—particular, general, universal. Naturally, these stand in somewhat different relations to national law. In her analysis Miss Masters considers each nation separately and the outline of her treatment is the same in each. After a word of introduction, she studies first treaties, then customary international law, then states conclusions. Under these headings she has to consider what effect the treaties (or customary international law) have upon national laws already in existence and then what relation they bear to laws passed subsequently. There are some differences between the four nations but what is true of one is practically true of the others. We may then take the case of Germany as illustrative. In Germany treaties that have been ratified *must* be published in the *Reichsgesetzblatt*. Once so published, "they are deemed to form part of the German federal law and supersede earlier statutes." They may be superseded by a subsequent statute; however, in the absence of

1. "Compulsory Arbitration of International Disputes." Helen May Cory. New York: 1932. Columbia University Press. 8 vo., pp. xiii, 281. Price $3.50.

2. "International Law in National Courts." Ruth D. Masters. New York: 1932. Columbia University Press. 8 vo., pp. 245. Price $3.75.

unmistakable proof to the contrary, statutes are construed with the presumption that they contain an implied reservation to the effect that they shall not be applied whenever their provisions "conflict with obligations under a treaty" which has been properly published. "Similarly rules of customary international law which are generally recognized and which have received the assent of Germany are applied by the courts. They are deemed to form part of German federal law." Statutes are construed as in the case of treaties. Also "federal law supersedes state law." Cases of actual conflict between international and national law seems to rarely give actual trouble. From Miss Masters' study it seems as if there was more likely to be serious conflict in France than in the other three nations. Here the question between treaties and *subsequent* statutes seems to be more frequently delicate.

Several years ago we noticed "Civic Sociology",[3] by Edward Alsworth Ross. The book has been well received and has gone through several printings. It now appears in a new and revised edition, brought up to date. It is intended as a text for high school use. The author says it "ought to be tackled in the senior year, and it should be preceded or followed by a semester of elementary economics. Together with the usual study of forms and functions of government, these two courses ought to give the youth an impetus which in due time will develop him into an intelligent and public-spirited citizen." Opinions as to intelligence and public-spirit may differ and it is certain that not all students who use his text will land on Ross' platform. But the book is a sincere and honest piece of work. It will stimulate thought and cause discussion which is the greatest need of the present day. We heartily commend it.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. "Civic Sociology." Edward Alsworth Ross. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1932. World Book Co. 16 mo., pp. vi. 415. Price $1.80.

A Correction

"The Birth of the German Republic" by Dr. Arthur Rosenberg (Oxford University Press) was reviewed in UNITY of November 14th. Purchasers please note that the price of the book should have been quoted as $4.75, *not* $3.50.

Correspondence

Will Levington Comfort

Editor of UNITY:

The recent notice of the death of Will Levington Comfort has brought to many minds his work as a writer of novels and short stories. Less familiar are the many with his work as a teacher. Because this aspect of his work seems more deeply significant than that of the story—because it seems more truly to identifiy the man Comfort, I feel that it would be of interest to many to know of it.

Since "Midstream," that revealing life-story in which he traces his passage through struggle and pain to the dawning of spiritual perception, a group of people have been drawn to him because of his understanding of spiritual realities; because of his power to interpret in terms of spirit the experiences of life. Through fourteen years he has sent to this group—and to any who have requested them, his letters—one each month. During the past five years these letters have been included in a Group Book, "The Glass Hive." This magazine was discontinued last spring because of lack of funds to continue its publication.

This writing is of a high order; perhaps the finest and best of Mr. Comfort has gone into it. It contains rare insight and perception of things spiritual. Because of his wide experience in living—his many struggles, defeats and triumphs he has gained deep understanding of the relationship of things spiritual and material. Through all these he has searched for inner meanings—the essence of experience. And he has found deep knowledge. Through all the wear and tear of battle he has gone on seeking the eternal verities. This knowledge he has passed on. A busy man has taken time for this kind of writing without hope of material reward. He has called it a work in understanding.

I am one of those who have received from him steady light through the years. There is deep gratitude to him for the true note he has so consistently sounded. And there are many who stand with me now wishing him Bon Voyage as he goes out to sea.

DORA JOHNS.

Grosse Ile, Michigan.

"What Another Church Is Doing to Prevent War"

Editor of UNITY:

The Rev. B. C. Hopson's declaration against war which appeared in UNITY for October 24th is certainly a very challenging document. May Christian churches throughout the world adopt a similar uncompromising attitude!

The United Church of Canada in its Alberta Conference held in McDougall United Church in Edmonton from May 25th to May 30th, 1932 adopted the following radical resolution with regard to disarmament and world peace:

WHEREAS in spite of the general recognition of the awful character and utter futility of war, and of the action of our own Government, and of other nations, in renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, through becoming signatories of the Kellogg pact, the Will to Peace is being thwarted, as evidenced by the powerlessness of the Disarmament Conference to arrive at a common agreement, we believe that a more definite stand should be taken by the members of the Christian Church. Therefore, as members of the Alberta Conference of the United Church of Canada, we desire to reaffirm our conviction that war is diametrically opposed to the spirit and principles of Jesus, and to declare our purpose that under no circumstances will we, as a Church, take part in, or support any future war. We would further express our conviction that the only sure way to peace is by members of the Christian Church being prepared to follow up their intellectual repudiation of war by taking their stand as war resisters in any national crisis that may arise.

Now, who is responsible for this uncompromising application of the religion of Jesus to the menace of war? None other than the Rev. Mr. H. M. Horricks of Calgary who introduced the resolution! Mr. Horricks is certainly a very Christian and a very human minister. He has charge of a small church on the outskirts of Calgary, and is living a truly Christian life, preferring to hold to his Christian principles than to compromise and draw a fat salary in fashionable, respectable, down-town churches! No doubt readers and friends of UNITY will congratulate Mr. Horricks; his address is (Springbank) R. R. 2, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Hurrah for the Rev. Mr. Horricks!

A. STIERNOTTE.

Calgary, Alta.

Incomes In India

Editor of UNITY:

An excellent illustration, in figures, of the blessings of imperialism is given in the October 22, 1932 issue of *The Pathfinder*, published in Washington, D. C. It reads:

ONE OUT OF 1,100 *HAVE IT*

Of India's 351,000,000 *population only* 318,500 *filed income tax returns last year. And of these,* 61 *per cent reported incomes of* $1,333 *or less and* 33 *had incomes of less than* $800.

The query is:

If only *one* out of every 1,100 has a trifle above bare necessities, could the other 1,099 have much less or worse were their liberal masters from the West to pack up and go, leaving the great Indian masses freely to create and re-

create their own destinies without supporting parasites from the outside?

The first blessing a truly liberal-minded master and ruler can bestow upon his people is simply to get off their broken backs and stop stealing their natural and created wealth.

DAVID JOBMAN.

New York, N. Y.

2% Buttons

Editor of UNITY:

It may interest and encourage your pacifist readers to know that at the Armistice Day meeting at the Sub-Treasury Building, Wall and Nassau Streets, New York City, held by The Women's Peace Society, the Einstein 2% buttons were offered *free* to men who would pledge themselves to refuse war service and to wear the button in witness thereof. About thirty men accepted the button, and *paid* for it.

When men are willing to pay to bear witness to their "war refusal" pledge we may well take heart.

A. E. GRAY.
Director, Women's Peace Society.

New York City.

Regrets

I

Editor of UNITY:

Referring to your note I herewith enclose check for $1.50 which, I trust, you will apply for my half year's subscription for UNITY. If things were not so terribly uncertain—I need not explain any more, I believe, for who knows, where one will be in 6 months?, I naturally would send the full amount, since I certainly do not wish to give up UNITY.

H. M.

II

Editor of UNITY:

I am sincerely sorry but I am unable to take UNITY for the next year. I trust that our financial situation will improve in a few years and then I shall send in my subscription once more.

L. G. L.

III

Editor of UNITY:

My subscription has expired, and I regret to ask you to discontinue sending me UNITY. I have suffered two substantial reductions in income, and in addition to previous duties, am required to do much of the work previously done by two other men, so haven't found time to read recent issues of UNITY, therefore have decided to drop it. I am compelled to do without many things I once enjoyed.

W. J. H.

IV

Editor of UNITY:

With much regret I am asking you to please discontinue my subscription, which expired Nov. 7. I had the benefit of a gift subscription one year, then renewed my own. For all this I am grateful and feel that others should have the benefit of such a gift in their turn. When my circumstances are such that I can renew, I will do so. I am a Socialist and know the value of such a paper as yours.

L. V. R.

Goshen, Ky.

V

Editor of UNITY:

I am sorry but it will be necessary for me to have my subscription to UNITY cancelled. I have greatly appreciated the paper.

M. C. H.

West LaFayette, Ind.

VI

Editor of UNITY:

I am sorry to discontinue UNITY. It is a brave little paper and I have enjoyed it.

L. L. W.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 178)

ity in Geneva, and Mr. C. F. Andrews had given it his blessing as he passed through the city en route from Germany to London.

This Executive gathered members for what had been named provisionally at the preliminary meeting "The International Committee for India" and in the name of this Committee the scheme for a whole day programme was worked out. The time was of course too short to secure the many names that are known to have the best interests of India and Britain at heart, but there are amongst its members people from 18 countries and these include such well-known names as Dr. John Haynes Holmes of New York; also Dorothy Detzer of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, lieutenant organizer of Miss Jane Addams; Miss Alice Paul, champion of the Equal Rights Movement in the United States; Dr. Winternitz of Prague, Mlle. Madeleine Rolland, Dr. J. H. Cousins, Reginald Reynolds, Georges Hogg, Charles Baudouin, Frau Granitsch, Peter Freeman, Dr. Sunderland.

Pessimists told the Committee that the Geneva authorities would not permit a public meeting during the League session on a subject that affected the "domestic relations" of two of the States Members of the League. They predicted that the English would raise objections to certain of the invited speakers. They said the public would not attend, that they were not interested, they said sufficient funds could not be raised, for Geneva is an expensive base, they foretold silence of the local press. Only the last statement came true, and that only in the case of certain influential papers. The Committee was deaf to all other forebodings and marched forward without hesitation and without rebuff in all their arrangements.

Then arose all the publicity and world interest in India connected with the fast of Mahatma Gandhi. The Committee cabled to the British Prime Minister that international opinion was awake to the menace to world peace that would result if that great soul were allowed to die. It was self-evident in internationally-minded Geneva that the problems of India had burst domestic walls and had world reactions.

The International Committee drew up a statement for presentation to each member of the assembly appealing to the delegates individually to promote "Better relationship between the peoples of Great Britain and India." It also contained facts and figures about the repression. It included a strong appeal for ending the historic and harrowing "fast" in progress while the statement was being prepared. This was happening around the 20th September. The date fixed for presenting the statement was Gandhi's birthday, October 2nd, and by then the happy news of the agreement reached between the caste and non-caste Hindus had reached Geneva and admirers of Gandhi breathed again with ease knowing he had been able to achieve the "miracle" of union and could end his fast. "Passive resistance has triumphed." Then the fast paragraph disappeared from the statement but a reinforced demand was made for the release of the political prisoners and the inclusion of the congress representatives in the next Round Table Conference. This appeal to all the League Delegates is a new step in the campaign for India's freedom. It creates a precedent. It stated that "nations which are seeking at Geneva to replace armaments by the growth of world co-operation cannot fail to see in the ever-widening gulf between East and West in India a menace to world peace already threatened by events in Manchuria." It ended with the words "we are convinced that peace can only be truly secured when India is in control of her own destiny." The fact further that the whole day's proceedings were not interfered with by League Members or local authorities creates a condition which can be built upon in the immediate future. Dr. Ansari is in close touch with the proceedings of the Committee and has promised to visit Geneva when his health improves, and he is certain to turn the work of the Committee to still further good account.

The birthday of Gandhi gave an opportunity of a social celebration arranged by Munshi Iswar Saran and

Mrs. K. Bose and this successful function in the Community House of the American Church strengthened international feeling for India's aspirations.

Live-wire delegates came to the Conference from Paris, Belgium, German Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, India, Scotland and England. The private sessions were full of constructive idealism and practical plans for service to India and desire to be channels for the blessings that India is giving and will give to the world.

The evening meeting was well attended and proved the broadcaster for the work of the Conference. The speaking was at a high level, Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence was as ever the practical idealist prepared to help India to gain whatever form of government India herself desired. Mrs. Cousins spoke on the sufferings of the thousands of prisoners. All other speeches were in French and an inspiring message from M. Romain Rolland was read by his sister. The atmosphere of the whole day's proceedings were so harmonious that one felt that the spirit of Satyagraha had found a place of abode in fear-driven Geneva and that truly what was being sought for was, as one speaker phrased it, "the liberation of England and the liberation of India."

All present at the various functions were invigorated at the widespread and deep interest of people of so many countries in the Cause of India. They see the victory of India by non-violence as the hope of the world. A detail of the most heartening kind was the presence on the bill posting stations all through the city of large posters bearing the words "L'Inde et la Paix" (India and Peace) in arresting type amongst the details of the advertisement of the day's events.

India has arrived in Geneva to stay and make herself felt.

Would the Repeal of Prohibition End Unemployment?

There are those who say there would be less unemployment and more prosperity if beer, wine and whiskey were made legal. That is worth thinking about. Let us see.

Back in 1914—the peak year in American Consumption of alcoholic beverages—it is estimated that two billion dollars was spent for drink. Every year! What has been happening to all that since Prohibition? Much of it has gone into saving deposits. Some of it is being spent for motor cars, radios, automatic refrigeration, better homes and better living.

Yet that tells the story only in part. For prohibition has greatly increased the producing power, hence the earning power of the individual. So not only the drink money, but increased earnings as well are being spent for commodities which involve the employment of millions of people.

In 1914 there were 1,700,000 motor vehicles in the United States. Today there are 26,500,000. Of course, we would have motor vehicles even if we did not have prohibition. But without prohibition it is certain there would be far fewer cars—perhaps less than half!

People employed before prohibition in the manufacture of beer, wine and distilled liquors: 86,914—total wages $58,432,000. People employed in 1930 in the manufacture of motor vehicles: 325,124—total wages $647,588,438.

Open up the breweries and you close factories.

Liquor money that hires one man cheats three men out of a job. For every million dollars invested, the brewers employed 78 wage earners, while the million dollars invested in other industries average 318 workers.

The money spent for booze can't buy shoes nor any other legitimate commodity and for every man that might be hired by beer, at least three would be fired from the industries that would lose the beer money.

When beer went out milk came in.

Yon can't buy booze and butter with the same money. The farmer gets more money for butter than for the grain in booze.

"Only three-fourths of one per cent of the country's grain" was used by the brewers before prohibition, according to the sworn testimony of Gustav Pabst of Milwaukee, 1917, when he represented the liquor interests in Washington.

Milk consumption, 1917 to 1929 has increased per capita from 754 pounds to 1,000 pounds.

Louis J. Taber, president of the National Grange, says: "It takes vastly more grain for a million pork chops and a million glasses of milk than for a million glasses of beer and a million glasses of whiskey."

The farmer's best customer is the well-paid laboring man. Farmers are looking for relief but not from prohibition which is beneficial to them. They know it.

The National Grange, composed of 800,000 farmers, has voted overwhelmingly for support of prohibition.—*Gordon Best* in "Let's Have the Truth About Prohibition."

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